

PR
6027
N125e
1912

A

0005553896



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

The Evergreen

Nadja



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/evergreenpoems00nadjiala>

THE EVERGREEN.

THE STATION

THE EVERGREEN

POEMS

BY

NADJA

LONDON :

ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS

1912

THE EVERGREEN

FORMS

BY

Second Edition.

BY

ARTHUR J. HUMPHREYS

1901

PR
6027
N125e
1912

PREFACE.

WHEN the first edition of 'The Evergreen' appeared, I felt nervous as to how the reading public would consider my efforts. It was my first attempt and I could not expect more than the sale of a few copies among friends.

Within a very short time, however, the book was out of print, and I am now issuing a second edition, containing a few new poems, in the hope that these may be as kindly received as were the first.

I heartily thank the press and all those who have bought and read my little book and who have given me such kind encouragement.

'NADJA.'

1912.

861864

PREFACE

WHEN the first edition of *The Housewife* appeared, I felt nervous as to how the reading public would receive my efforts. It was my first attempt, and I could not expect more than the aid of a few friends among friends.

Within a very short time, however, the book was out of print, and I am now issuing a second edition, containing a few new points in the hope that there may be no kindly reminder in some of the first.

I heartily thank the press and all those who have bought and read my little book and who have given me such kind encouragement.

-FADDA-

1884

BELLING

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SPRING	9
BIRTHDAY WISH	10
TO MYSELF	12
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW	13
A MUSE UPON THE PASSING SOULS	14
CALLED HOME	15
THE SONGS	16
THE VAIN LINNET	17
WAYSIDE MUSE	18
TO MY MOTHER	19, 20, 21
TO A FEATHER	22
IN A GIFT-BOOK	23
SHADOWS	24
LIGHT	25
CHRISTMAS TOAST	26
FRAGMENT	27

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE FLOWER OF CHILDHOOD	28
À LA PETITE ADORÉE	29
A REVERIE	30
'THE IDEAL WOMAN —	
I. COMPARING HER TO A LILY	31
II. IDÉALE	32
III. HER NOBILITY OF CHARACTER	23
IV. HER BEAUTY	34
V.	35
MEMORIES	36
THE AUGUST BREEZE IN THE EAST END	37
A PORTRAIT	38
THE SPIRIT OF THE OPAL	39
BIRTHDAY WISH	40
THE WORK OF MAN	43
IN EXILE	45
LIFE	46
HEREAFTER	47
GOD SAVE THE KING	48

THE EVERGREEN.

SPRING.

WHEN Spring her window opens wide
And bids the Winter flee,
She welcomes Sunshine close inside,
To sit beside her knee.

And then in accents clear she'll tell
Of Winter's cruel alarms,
Till tears to Sunshine's eyelids well
To hear of Winter's harms.

And then below the clouds they rise,
And rain will slowly fall;
They are the tears from Sunshine's eyes,
Who does not mind at all!

But soon his gentle Mother Spring
Will wipe those tears away;
And then his voice with laughter'll ring,
And Sun will shine all day!

‘1908.’

THE EVERGREEN.

BIRTHDAY WISH.

MAY brightest sunshine crown a perfect day !
A day of joy and peace and love for all ;
Each hour with light and gladness pass away,
And mirth and laughter reign till shadows fall.

Not only this, but every passing hour
I pray that God may bless with joy and love,
Transform the world into a scented bower,
Adorned with glory from His throne above.

Bright visions crowned with happ'ness surround
Thine every thought, and all with peace sublime
Shall vanish when a happier one is found
More perfect, on the glittering sands of time.

That every hour with blessings may pass by,
Each day may happier be as time speeds on ;
That it shall seem the moments do not fly,
Nor that another year will soon be gone.

THE EVERGREEN.

May Health her greatest gifts on thee bestow,
And Joy her merry face be pressed to thine,
And Love her gifts with gentle kisses blow,
That God may make thy perfect life divine.

June 28th, 1908.

THE EVERGREEN.

TO MYSELF.

GOOD-NIGHT, my soul! Be governed by yourself.
No ruling passions let your heart engulf,
But be at rest, and ere you sink in sleep
Pray God in Heaven safe your life to keep.

All evil thoughts and passions you should flee,
Ask Heaven's pardon, low, on bended knee.
Implore God's grace, and when once more you rise
To face the day, feel nearer Paradise!

October 1st, 1908.

THE EVERGREEN.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

OH! spirits of departed years come nigh,
Another year of life has got to die;
Wing him away, you shadows of the past,
Upon your wings you ghosts that cannot last.
Away, away, and let the New Year in;
Let out the Old Year, full of toil and sin.
Good-bye, Old Year, old friend that might have been,
If all the world from wickedness were clean.
We cannot part without one word of cheer—
Good-bye, sad friend! And welcome blithe New
Year!

December 26th, 1908.

THE EVERGREEN.

A MUSE UPON THE PASSING SOULS.

DEATH is a great and awesome thing :

A shadow of the days gone by,

A visitor who claims his own

And tells the passing soul to fly.

It warns not once but many times,

And then at last it leaves a touch

That sets th' imprisoned spirit free,

And breaks the bond and frees the clutch.

Then, leaving aching hearts behind,

And happy, freed from worlds of strife,

That mystic spirit upward bounds

And reaches God and Lasting Life.

September, 1909.

THE EVERGREEN.

CALLED HOME.

'TIS God has claimed his own, and now
He rises over toil and strife;
O'er earth and sin, with shining wings
Endowed with joy and new-born Life.

Found worthy now to stand beside
The throne of Him who is our Lord;
To gaze with open eyes on Him,
And touch the harp's melodious chord.

He is not dead; just called to Him,
'Tis God that bids him cease to roam,
To turn from worldly deeds and find
His Father and his Heavenly Home!

September, 1909.

THE EVERGREEN.

THE SONGS.

A SONG was borne upon the Summer breeze,
A song so sweet that every one felt gay;
The laughter echoed through the waving trees,
Then drooped and fell, and faded thence away.

A song was borne upon the Winter wind,
A song so sad that all who heard it wept;
The tears that fell, each was a glittering pearl,
The murmur of those sobs the cruel wind kept.

1909.

THE EVERGREEN.

THE VAIN LINNET.

ONCE in the Spring a sparrow glad and bright
To a proud linnet told of his delight;
He prayed her then to love him just a bit,
But all she answered him was, 'Tweet, tweet, tweet!'

In Summer-time another mate had she—
A thrush, a noble bird of longest pedigree.
'Oh! dearest linnet, how I love you sweet!'
Cried he; but she just answered, 'Tweet, tweet,
tweet!'

When Autumn came she quarrelled with her love;
He soared a-singing into the sky above;
She stayed alone, her little wings she beat,
All vainly crying sadly, 'Tweet, tweet, tweet!'

In Winter-time the sparrow, passing by,
Heard, from her nest above, a little plaintive sigh,
And as he hurried forward her to greet
She sank and died, whispering, 'Tweet, tweet, tweet!'

January, 1909.

THE EVERGREEN.

WAYSIDE MUSE.

BESIDE a rocky stream of crystal clear
I paused one day, and gazed upon its face;
For it was fair and cool that summer's day,
The trees above reflected all their grace.
No clearer spot, nor yet a lovelier one,
Could ere be found, and as I waited there
A little bird came plunging in to drink,
A little bird of plumage passing rare.
Softly I watched, not daring e'en to breathe,
I waited still, as hoping for a song,
And as I watched the bird its throat ope'd wide
And forth burst into notes, sweet, clear, and
strong.
I waited still; then as the song was hushed
I went my way—the bird was in my heart:
And, ever since, those notes have cherished been,
And song and songster are of me a part.

July 14th, 1909.

THE EVERGREEN.

TO MY MOTHER.

TO sit amongst the fragrant summer roses,
My hand in yours, just you and I alone;
To feel your heart near mine, to whisper 'Mother
And know that you, my love, are all my own
That is the Peace of God shower'd on His people,
That is a Heaven on Earth before we die,
That is a joy, oh! blessed, sweetest Mother,
Unknown of to the Angels in the Sky!

June, 1910.

THE EVERGREEN.

TO MY MOTHER.

THE Autumn leaves unfold their glorious tints
To greet you on this day of joy and love,
And gold lies sprinkled in your chosen way,
Cast by the hands of Nature from above.
And all around is happiness and peace,
The little birds sing loud some joyous strain,
Praising the God who made the world so bright,
And gives so much and still gives more again.
Shall I be last to swell the happy throng
That greets you on this golden birthday morn,
With loving songs and warbled praises sweet
Till evening takes the place of misty dawn?
Nay! full of love these greetings now fly forth
And join sweet Nature and her children fair,
So as you gaze upon the sweetest flower,
You'll know my heart lies waiting for you there!

September 24th, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

TO MY MOTHER.

GREETINGS to thee! oh! noblest woman now,
Upon this day that sent thee from above,
To help a world that needed all thy power,
And be a Mother full of wond'rous love.
Most blest am I who long have felt thee near,
And known thine influence great upon my life;
Thy noble love has strengthened all my soul,
Thy prayers have led me through a world of
strife.
So may the God, who made us all, impart
His tender blessings to that heart of thine,
That through all time the world may ever know
That He has made thy Motherhood Divine.

September 24th, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

TO A FEATHER.

LIGHT and airy,
Dainty fairy,
Flying everywhere!
Upward roaming,
In the gloaming,
Silent as a prayer!

Leaping higher,
Graceful flyer,
Resting on a flower!
Skimming, soaring
Grace outpouring
Plaything of an hour!

October 31st, 1910.

THE EVERGREEN

IN A GIFT-BOOK.

I.

JUST a tiny gift from me,
Sent direct, dear one, to thee ;
Just a simple little thought,
For your noble kindness wrought ;
Just a wish, and just a prayer,
You will find God's blessing here !

II.

At this festive season now,
When all men are lightsome-hearted,
I my offerings gaily bring
To the feast of Love just started.
Take, I pray, my little gift,
Though it seems a tiny present ;
It shall charm your leisure hours,
And the lonely days prove pleasant.
Therefore, when you read the lines
That this noble work containing
Shows ; the sun shall seem to shine,
Though it really may be raining !

December 24th, 1910.

THE EVERGREEN.

SHADOWS.

SHADOWS softly fleeting
O'er the garden wall,
Making the great oak-tree
Wondrous grim and tall.
Nurse says the're no ghosts now,
But I know there are ;
Skimming round the chimney,
Now near and now far.
When I'm safely tucked up,
And nurse says good-night,
I do often wonder
Where they keep the light.
Shadows seem to wander
Round my little bed,
Drifting o'er the pillow
Where I lay my head.
Good-night, you old ghosts you
I ain't 'fraid of you,
'Cos you know my Nanny
Says you isn't true!

October 31st, 1910.

THE EVERGREEN.

LIGHT.

SUN already, Nanny?
Is it time for light?
Where the stars all gone to,
And the moon and night?
I can see the oak-tree
And the garden wall—
Why! they look quite different,
And not grim at all!
Where the shadows drifted
Round my little bed,
Plays the gentle sunshine
Smilingly instead!
I do like the sunshine,
And the pretty light,
Cos, you know, the ghostés
All come out at night!

October 31st, 1910.

THE EVERGREEN.

CHRISTMAS TOAST.

NOW stand you up, my merry friends,
And drink to Christmas fine;
And fill your cups and lift them up,
All full of sparkling wine!
And give him one, and one again,
And yet another cheer;
So name the toast and pass the flask,
With never a sigh or tear.
So drink to Christmas-time once more,
And lift the goblet high,
And toast the month, the day, the hour,
As Christmas-time draws nigh!

December 24th, 1910.

THE EVERGREEN.

FRAGMENT.

A WORD, a prayer, a smile, a tear
I do not ask of thee;
But a small corner of your heart,
And sometimes—think of me.

THE EVERGREEN.

THE FLOWER OF CHILDHOOD.

A LITTLE girl and a tiny flower
Growing together side by side,
Taller and stronger every hour,
In Life's sweet, careless garden wide!
Both are as lovely in their way,
As from the bud they blossom tall:
The flower the treasure of a day,
The child a joy for good and all.
Each grows apace: the little girl
Into a maiden slim and sweet,
A treasure from her tiniest curl
Unto her dainty little feet!
Grow on, dear, tender little maid,
And answer to this Life's great call;
For, though the flower is sweet 'tis true,
Thou art the fairest one of all!

February 17th, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

À LA PETITE ADORÉE.

UPON a tree beside my gate
A nightingale sits singing,
And as he sings I find my thoughts
With his to heaven are winging,
Where all immortal notes are blessed
And where all songsters find their rest.

Those notes have ceased beside the tree,
And all is quiet. The singing
Long has been hushed, and night draws on:
Only the bells are ringing,
And even their notes thrill the sky
And enter Heav'n before they die!

Now, ever in my heart I hear,
Whether asleep or waking,
Thy voice of clearest accents rare,
Which stirs my heart to breaking.
Oh! how I wish that I could be
For ever near thy voice and thee!

May 28th, 1911,

THE EVERGREEN.

A REVERIE.

WE wandered together, you and I,
Through a shady wood one day,
And overhead through the leafy screen
We saw the clouds at play.
And I was so happy, and so free,
And we wandered, talking, still;
My heart was light as the pure white clouds
That float at the great wind's will.
And you talked of things in the great wide world
And of ships on a moving sea,
But nothing existed in my heart
Beyond just yourself and me!
So we wandered on till the sad time came,
The hour when you had to go,
And though my heart grew heavy as lead
Yet never a tear did flow.
But back I stole to the wood once more,
And my heart its pain forgot,
As I tenderly plucked near the prints of your feet
One lonely forget-me-not!

June 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

‘THE IDEAL WOMAN.’

I.

COMPARING HER TO A LILY.

STANDING alone amongst the tall white flowers,
And holding in her arms one blossom fair,
She seemed the guardian angel of the place,
So still she stood, with silence everywhere.
And I stood also with my arms outstretched,
Waiting her pleasure till she turned to speak;
She seemed the purest, loveliest flower of all—
So tall, so fair, so proud, and yet so meek.
And still I waited, waiting was the theme:
The vision faded, it had been a dream.

March 12th, 1910.

THE EVERGREEN.

II

IDÉALE.

ALL hail! O woman of great powers divine!
Unto thee peace for all thy wond'rous life,
For thou hast brought us much that on this earth
Brings happiness unto a world at strife.
Upon the wings of Peace thou then wast born,
And Love herself bore thee within her arms,
And Purity, thy constant lover, dwelt
Within thy house to keep thee safe from harms.
So, safe from all the evils of the world,
Thou dwelt with us and left us knowledge fine,
Which, blest by God and sanctified in Heaven,
Was rendered then for ever more divine.

March 12th, 1910.

THE EVERGREEN.

VI

III.

HER NOBILITY OF CHARACTER.

UNKNOWN she lived, and yet a saint was she,
Ever benign and kind to misery;
She was a Mother, lived a Mother's life,
Tender and strong and firm through worlds of
strife.
Trials were sent, and yet she braved them all,
Smiling through tears as, at the great God's call,
Sorrows and grief were sent her from above—
Exquisite tests of her most noble love.
She never murmured, neither did she cry
Against the troubles coming from the sky;
And never all her life did she complain
At all the trials offered her through pain—
She was a Saint, though never praised was she,
And yet, oh God! how good she was to me!

May 29th, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

IV.

HER BEAUTY.

IT is not given me the power to write
All those fair thoughts that cause me pure
delight.

My pen is weak, my fingers uninspired,
With no celestial flame my brain is fired.
And yet the beauty of a single face
Has caused me passion and my pen disgrace.
She is too fair to think of without love,
And yet one may but worship God above.
Here on this earth no Saints are treading now,
And still at her fair name all men should bow;
Her gifts are beauty, and a voice divine,
Though other talents has she wondrous fine.
Oh! how her face is glorious, and her hair
Is like a crown most precious and most rare.
Her eyes like forest pools shine out with love,
As if God's grace reflected from above!
And as you see her, at the wondrous sight
Into the darkness streams a ray of light!

May 29th, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

V.

SHE came, and winter turned to spring—
Earth was a new and heavenly thing
Touched by her feet!
She looked afar and all was new:
The cloudy sky was clear and blue,
The breeze blew sweet.
Around her hills in splendour lay,
Awakened by the touch of day
Or her sweet breath,
And all was love and fair and bright
The darkness, too, was changed in light
And banished death!

May 28th, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

MEMORIES.

ONE little rose forgotten, thrown aside
And crumpled by the touch of fingers small,
A memory dear for which no one can chide:
The vision of a picture—that is all.
And yet, why do the tears my eyelids smart;
Whilst to my lips there springs a stifled sigh?
And loneliness is rife within my heart,
For I have kissed a little child ‘Good-bye!’

July 9th, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

THE AUGUST BREEZE IN THE EAST END.

I BRING new life to the Toil and Strife,
And a song from the country free;
And I waft sweet scent by the pine woods lent
That stand by the fragrant sea.
From the streets I blow all the harms that grow,
And scatter the dust away;
Then forward I speed, to help those in need
And in want of a holiday!

July 16th, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

A PORTRAIT.

I SEE a baby's upturned face,
A tiny figure full of grace;
Two laughing lips of cherry hue,
And eyes of a celestial blue!
I see a shapely little head
Crowned by long curls of golden red,
That shine and glisten, every one,
As if they held the golden sun!
A little frock of frills and lace
All adding to that childish grace.
Her little feet, encased in white,
Are dangling from a table's height;
As perched up there she primly poses,
She seems a vision' born of roses!
I turn away, and in my hand
I hold a long and golden strand.
No longer does it crown her head,
For she whom I so loved—is dead!

THE EVERGREEN.

THE SPIRIT OF THE OPAL.

GLITTERING fire and shining sea,
Colours of gold and blue and green,
Heaven and earth and the sunny lea
Prisoners in that wondrous sheen.
What spirit breathes within that stone,
Burning with brightness ever new ;
What fairy form from strange lands flown
Lives in a castle of Heaven's own blue?
Is it a fairy of good or of ill ?
Elf of the seashore's glittering strand,
Or a strange goblin from under the hill,
Banished from beautiful fairyland ?
Sometimes the fires in the heart grow dim,
Then the quaint fairy is lying asleep ;
One almost sees her, fair of limb,
Curved in that shadow of azure deep !
Powerful this Empress small and bright,
Queen of the colours every one ;
For she has captured by her light
That Emperor proud, the golden sun !

July 30th, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

BIRTHDAY WISH.

THE day is still asleep, but morning rises fair
And casts around her grey eyes o'er the scene;
The gentle earth is slumbering everywhere,
Lulled 'neath a canopy of leafy green.
Two early songsters, waking from their rest,
Break into hymns in praise of summer dawn;
Their echoes sweet awaken all the nest,
And soon their song proclaims the coming morn.
Now o'er the misty hills a warmer hue doth shine,
And through the clouds the turquoise sky gleams
bright;
Loud from the distance comes that daily sign,
The crowing cock is welcoming the light.
Still lighter comes the scene, until at last
The shadows, conquered, flee, and then the sun,
Unhampered by the clouds that now are passed,
Rises in state: his day's work is begun.
Within the forest flash his golden beams,
The dewdrops sparkle on the mossy banks,

THE EVERGREEN.

And all the lives, awakening from their dreams,
Join in a song triumphant, full of thanks!
Upon the plain the buds are lifting high
Their tender faces to his passion'd kiss,
Their colours deepen as he passes by,
For all their lives have waited just for this.
The day is glorious in its early light,
And all the world is singing loud a song
In praise of manhood and man's new-found might
That thrills the earth and echoes clear and strong!
For man is God's creation and His best,
And Nature bows to his superior power,
And birds and beasts must do their master's hest,
And serve him every day and every hour.
For from the sky there came a great command:
The Heavens opened and the Words came forth,
And all the world did make a common stand
To hear the Statutes of that King of Wrath.
Thus spake the Master, and His tones were kind:
'To-day the world holds in its arms a youth,
To-morrow he shall own a nobler mind
And be a man of courage and of truth!
So shall you serve all men whom I have made,
And you shall be his slaves unto the end.'

THE EVERGREEN.

And Nature full of love in faith obeyed,
And ever does she mortal man defend.
Her choicest songs his weary ear to charm,
Her splendid pictures spreads, his eye to please;
Her noblest gifts to keep his soul from harm
She gives him all, with trust, upon her knees.

And so the day wears on, and evening cool
Breaks in the Western sky; the setting sun
Reflects his glory in a shining pool,
Then slowly sinks in rest. The Day is done!
And Night arises in an amber sky,
And casts her starlit scarf o'er all the scene;
The Moon shines softly, and the stars are nigh,
And Night reigns once again supreme as Queen.
Still Nature sings her song of love to Man,
Her wishes fair are wafted on the breeze,
Her tender passion Evening cannot fan,
Her gifts to Man no thieving Night may seize.
And so that Day of Light and Wonder fades,
That Day of days is gliding swift from sight;
But still the prayers and greetings stir the shades,
And birthday wishes echo through the Night.

August 6th, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

THE WORK OF MAN.

THE world is sad to-day, the trees stand tall
And bleak against the heavy winter sky,
And many voices echo on the wind

And tell the world the Year has got to die.
Has got to die, and pass away from sight,
Forgotten soon and, flying as a dream,
Glide from our lives and vanish into space—

Nay, all these things are not just as they seem.
Before this year, so tired and sad and worn,

Can fade into the distant past and die,
He first must take a journey all alone

And travel from the earth unto the sky,
And there, before the Maker of all things,

He stands and shows how men have used him
here—

Have they been noble, worthy of their name,
Fighting the wrong and holding good most dear?

THE EVERGREEN.

Or has he then a drooping head of shame,
As slowly towards the King he steps alone,
Bearing a burden heavy, full of sin,
Awaiting judgment at the Master's throne?
How shall it be each year as time goes on?
How shall this one approach the throne of
grace?
With sorrow great and heavy burden drear,
Or stepping free with smiling, happy face?
'Tis but for men to say how it shall be,
And how each Year shall journey to that throne:
'Tis all for men to make the burden light—
The work of Man, it rests with Man alone.

December, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

IN EXILE.

THE clouds fly swift o'er a troubled sky,
 Whilst the sun in the west sinks low,
And the golden leaves as they hurry by
 Are lit by that amber glow,
As my thoughts fly fast towards a happy past
 And tears from my eyelids flow.

Still the sun shines bright in the golden west,
 And the world is transformed and fair,
But my heart is a-weary within my breast,
 And my thoughts are a-wandering—where?
So the night draws on and the day is done,
 And I fall on my knees in prayer.

October, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

LIFE.

WHAT is Life? A dream.
What is Love? The theme
Of a grand and wond'rous Song,
And Death, the Key
To Eternity,
And that Heaven for which I long.

October, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

HEREAFTER.

THERE is a heart lies broken
And eyes are dim with tears,
And hopes, once dear, unspoken,
Lie dashed with dead past years.
But high above the throbbing
Of saddened hearts there flies
A sound that drowns the sobbing,
A strain that never dies:
The thought of Life hereafter
Of joy and peace and love,
And happiness and laughter
For evermore above.

November, 1911.

THE EVERGREEN.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

THE King is crowned! At last the love
Of God on high is manifest,
And from all lands the nations bow,
From farthest east to farthest west!
Oh! blessings from Thee, God, descend
And crown our King with crowns divine,
That evermore his task may be
To make his throne resemble Thine!

June 22nd, 1911.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-50m-7,'54(5990)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

PR Nadja -
6027 The evergreen
N125e
1912

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 555 389 6

PR
6027
N125e
1912

